

953
G6983
b

UC-NRLF

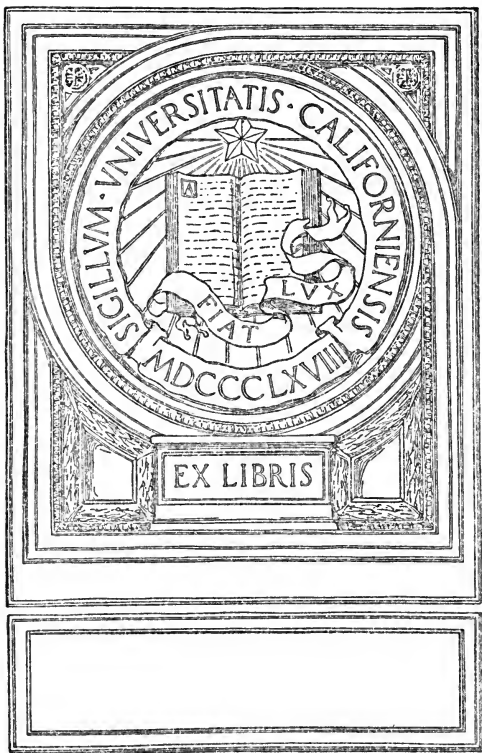


\$B 274 906

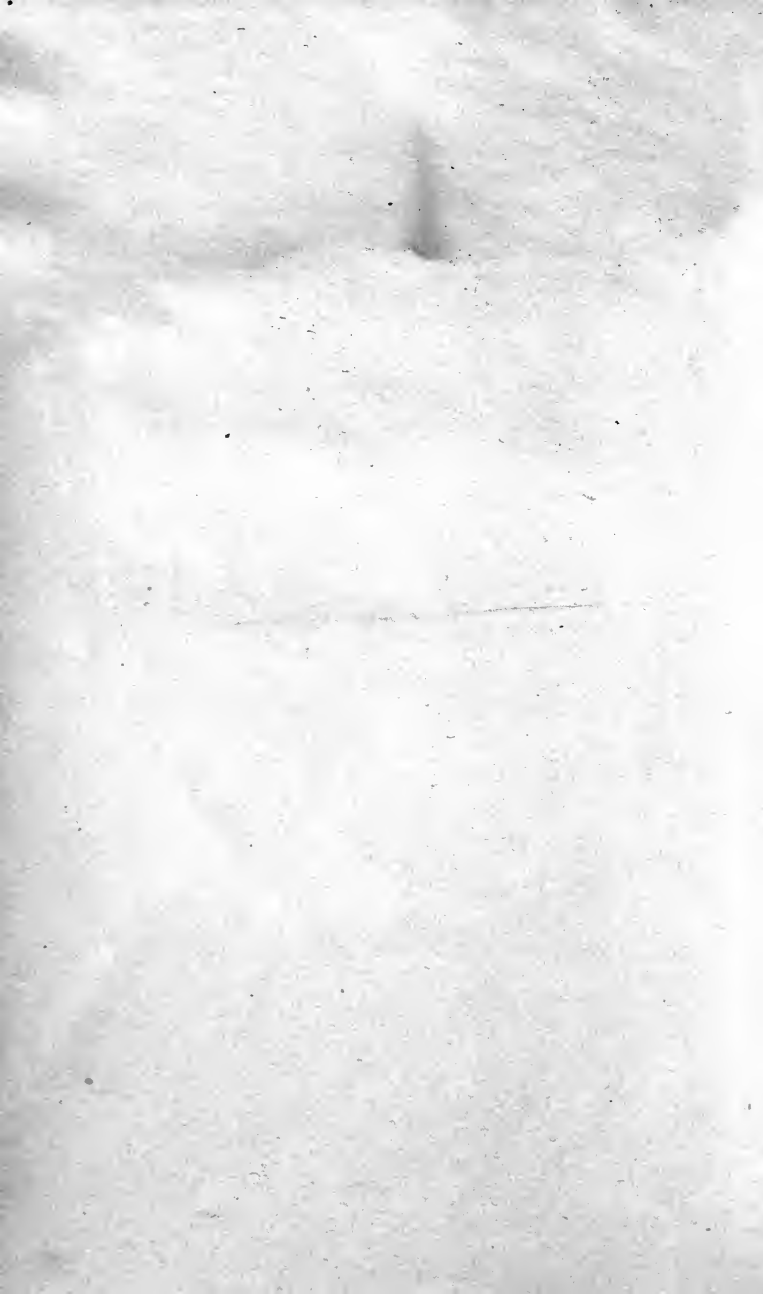


1043

Amel















A
BOUQUET
OF
P O E S Y ;

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Now, little book, go forth—fair may thy fortune be,—
Though others note thy faults, still art thou dear to me.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
AND FOR SALE AT THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSTORES.

1848.

753
G69
b

SPAFFORD D. MACDONALD, PRINTER,
No. 12 Spruce-st., N. Y.

Hill 11-29-22 .GN

RECEIVED
JUN 11 1922

P R E F A C E .

It can be of no very important interest to the reader, whether the author, in holding forth to the eyes of the world this little bouquet of poesy—these unpretending flowers of peaceful thought—was either impelled by a desire for gain, or allured by fame, or inspired by vanity. The work must rest on its own intrinsic merits, *if it possess any*, for the author is not willing to incur any risk of compromising that reputation for modesty for which he is so *peculiarly distinguished*, by any attempt at an exposition of the motives and circumstances that prompted him to launch his bark upon the uncertain tide of authorship. You are welcome to the viands, such as they are, and if, upon tasting, they suit not your palate, why—then abstain from them. However, he trusts that *some* gratification may be gathered from the varied store, by even the most fastidious.

These pages contain no sentiments that are uncongenial with the purest morality. That it is the legitimate province of poetry to cultivate the mind, to purify, to ennoble, and to guide the heart, and to spiritualize the imagination, is the author's firm belief; and to those who coincide with him in this view, this little volume will not be uninteresting.

Who will deny, that poetry possesses the power to exert a refining influence over the heart? Surely none! A divine has said :

“O speak no ill of poetry,
For 'tis a holy thing.”

It flings a soft and mellow blush of beauty around our path of life with its magic radiance; it throws an odor over the senses, sweeter than the honeyed breath of flowers. Oh! cold

must be the heart as Andes' snow, that would refuse to inhale the divine fragrance! Poetry is ever ready to mingle its sympathies with the heart. To the religious devotee it comes clothed with heavenly beauty, when it speaks, in the glowing terms of inspiration, of the Omnipotence and goodness of the Creator, and expatiates upon the glories of his kingdom. 'Tis welcomed by the moralist when it teaches the duties of humanity, and inculcates a spirit of charity and benevolence. It comes to the lover like a gentle confidante, and with a language not to be misunderstood; and the mysterious chords of sympathy are again awakened and vibrate pleasantly in his heart. To the patriot, when the trumpet-tones of victory peal forth in spirit-stirring strains, and the glory of his country is the theme. To the earth-worn and weary, in whose bosom the lamp of hope burns dimly, who are borne down to the earth with many sorrows, it comes with a "still small voice" whispering consolation—it points with uplifted finger to the throne of God, and bids the sufferer be of good cheer, that a brighter day will dawn for him, that God cannot forget his creatures, but watcheth over them always.

It must not be inferred that the author has the vanity to assume that his little volume possesses all the lofty and refining attributes he has declared to belong to true poetry. Of the artistic merits of his productions he says nothing, but in the principles and sentiments comprised therein, he has the fullest confidence. They contain nothing to offend the most rigid sectarian; they clash not with any creed—religious or political. He who would fetter the free judgment of his fellows, is a libel on his Maker, and the disgrace of humanity. With these brief remarks, the author commits his bantling to your tender care.

T. A. G.

THE DYING CHILD.

“There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone.”

With grief oppressed, a mother stands beside the suffer-
er's bed ;

Her pale and sunken lips foretell that hope hath nearly fled :
Yet do not call her wretched—for in accents low and clear
Such sweet consoling words as these fall gently on her ear :

“I'll not be with you long, mother—

I soon must say good-bye ;

But, mother, we shall meet again

In God's bright home on high.

Oh, mother, do n't you know you said

Sweet sister's living there—

And that she is an angel now,

So beautiful and fair !

“She will know me, when I come, mother,

She will take me by the hand ;

And we'll always be together there,

In yonder peaceful land :

And, mother, I shall wear bright wings—
I'll be an angel too!
And then before God's golden throne,
I'll kneel and pray for you.

“I like to feel your hand, mother,
So soft upon my brow;
I always loved its gentle touch—
'T is dearer to me now.
Oh, mother, do not weep for me,
I'm not afraid to die;
Your lip is trembling, and I see
The tears are in your eye.

“Lean closer down—your ear, mother—
My voice is growing weak:
You are weeping yet—I felt a tear
Just fall upon my cheek.
My eyes grow dim—and, oh, I hear
Sweet music from the sky!
It is for me—I'm going now—
Mother—good-bye—good-bye!”

And like the last soft beam of light that fades at close of day,
That gentle spirit took its flight and passed from earth away:
But now in shining vesture clad, with radiant face he stands,
Blending his songs of love and praise with bright-robed
angel bands!

TO MY MOTHER.



I'll not forget thee, mother dear,
Though far from thee away ;
I see thy fond face in my dreams ;
I think of thee by day.
And like a radiant star that shines
Within some glassy stream,
Thy gentle memory cheers my breast
With sweet and tranquil beam.

I oft recall the times, mother,
When standing by thy knee,
A little, careless, playful child,
With laughter wild and free.
And often thou didst sing for me,
Some simple ballad strain ;
Or tell me tales of giant men,
By pigmy warriors slain.

When pain and sickness came, mother,
Who then so kind as thou !
Thy cool soft hand so gently prest
Upon my fevered brow.

And when returned to health again
By thy restoring art ;
I've read upon thy beaming face
The love within thy heart.

Ah, those are sacred times, mother,
They cannot be forgot ;
Each through the misty past will shine,
A green and sunny spot.
And, mother, from the path of truth
Fear not that I shall stray ;
For thy dear memory still will lead
My heart the better way.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

“He said, “I am the Son of God.”

They nailed him to the cross ! and as he hung
In patient suffering there, the sponge of gall
They thrust against his lips ; and rudely flung
Reproach and insult on him ; still his call
Was, “ Father forgive them.” Thus this martyr died ;
To love of human kind, a sacrifice---
A victim to mad zeal, and jealous pride.
Meekly their scoffs he bore till life was fled ;
Then came his brave soul's triumph ! Then the skies
Grew dark as midnight ; and to startled eyes
Appeared again on earth the shrouded dead ;
And rocks were rent, and stern hearts shook with dread.
Ages have since rolled by ; yet still his worship'd name
In brightening lustre shines, God's mercy to proclaim.

THE SABBATH BELLS.



The bells of the holy Sabbath
Are ringing out soft and clear ;
And their solemn and sacred music
Falls pleasantly on the ear ;
While their sweet, persuasive summons,
Recalls God's high behest :
" Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest !"

The tools of the weary workman
Are lying unheeded now ;
His arm hath ceased from toiling,
And smiles play o'er his brow ;
For he lists to the church-bells ringing,
And blesses that high behest :
" Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest !"

And the heart, no matter how sinful,
With a purer impulse swells,
As it thrills to the soothing cadence
Of the blessed Sabbath bells ;

For their tones, so calm and earnest,
Are echoed within the breast :
" Six days shalt thou have for labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest !"

Oh, a blessed day is the Sabbath,
With its sweetly chiming bells ;
For the spirit of calm devotion
In their clear vibration dwells ;
When the toil-worn are reminded
Of Jehovah's high behest :
" Six days shalt thou have to labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest !"

LOUISIANA—A SONNET.



Bright are thy skies, oh, fair and sunny land !

Blest Louisiana ! kindly nature gives,
As a fond mother to a darling child ;

And with foreseeing care each want relieves,
Scattering her blessings, with a liberal hand,

Of rich luxuriance o'er thy fertile fields ;—
Sweet flowers of rarest beauty—and how mild

Is the free air they breathe—the lovely things !
God's tinted revelations ! And they preach

Their silent lessons to the heart of man,
Of purer excellence than priest may teach,

Of never failing wisdom. Yes, sweet land,
Fair are thy skies, and fields, and flowers, and waters,
And brave thy generous sons, and kind thy bright-eyed
daughters.

ISIDORE.



Oh ! thou art very dear to me,
Isidore !

Thou art very dear to me—
And like the wild bird, joyously,
Seeking, with gushing melody,
His lone-love, waiting silently—
So wings my spirit unto thee,
Isidore !

Undying is my love for thee—
Isidore !

Undying is my love for thee—
And as a star that tremblingly,
From heaven's cloudless canopy,
Reflects its soft light faithfully,
Thou shinest in my memory,
Isidore !

Slumber bringeth dreams of thee,
Isidore !

Slumber bringeth dreams of thee—
Thine eyes beam on me tenderly ;
I clasp thy sweet form fervently—
My lips press thine in ecstasy !
But waking breaks the fantasy !
Isidore !

THE RAIN.



Rain! rain! rain!

Oh, dear, will it never stop!

One can't stir out a single step

But he's spattered with mud and slop.

It's most two weeks to-day,

Since first this rain begun;

And now it's a treat to the eye to greet

A ray of the blessed sun.

Rain! rain! rain!

No sun to be seen to-day;

It's beginning again, for the window pane

Is bedimmed by the drizzling spray.

Now, everybody you meet

Is hateful, and crabbed, and cross—

As though they had met, in the mud and wet

With some very lamentable loss.

Oh! Pluvius, what do you mean?—

Pray, have you not any regard

For us mortals below, and do you not know

It's not fair, and it's certainly hard?

Oh! now it don't rain a drop—

And the sun flings down a glance

Of indignant pride, as though he'd preside,

If he had but the smallest chance.

Pshaw! no!—we had hoped in vain—

The weather's a pert coquette—

By the clouds that frown, it will soon come down

In a manner unequalled yet.

Hurrah! just listen to that—

Good gracious, how it pours!

Oh! where are the feet of the folks in the street—

Hark! how the thunder roars!

See! there go three little boys,

No rag upon them dry;

Perhaps they would wade, but I guess they're afraid

It's a little too deep to try.

See that woman, there, over the way!

She appears in a terrible plight:

She seems in distress—a *mermaid*, I guess,

With the fishy half out of sight.

Ha! ha! she has taken a dive!

He! he! it is wrong, I know,

To sit safe and dry, from the wrath of the sky,

And laugh at another's woe.

Might as well laugh as cry—

Can't do *her* any harm:

Ha! ha! oh, dear, if she'd only come here,

I'd gallantly offer my arm.

There goes a limping old wretch,
 Afflicted with ague and gout ;
Excited with pain, he curses the rain,
 And the chance that induced him out.
With both *propellers* submerged,
 How he pokes along like a dunce ;
I know it's not right, yet I'd take a delight
 To see him dip under once.

 Rain! rain! rain!
I'm becoming a different man ;
I've felt, at each hour, my temper grow sour,
 Since this hateful rain began,
I can not go out at all,
 But here I am forced to remain ;
I'll enjoy all I see with a fiendish glee—
 Ha! ha! it is pouring again !

THE ANGEL OF CHARITY.

—
“Know,” replied the angel, “I am the same :
I tried your charity,
When in a beggar’s garb you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famished mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes ! for in such habits, often
Angels desire an alms.”

—

Oh, grant an alms to the suffering poor,
From your purse of hoarded gold ;
Give something to stop the biting pangs
Of hunger and of cold :
God will smile on the generous deed,
And repay it an hundred fold.
Spirits unseen are hovering near,
To bear report of good actions here ;
And the angel of charity waits above,
To record such deeds in her book of love :

Heed not his country, name, nor creed,---
Nor the cause that worked his woe,
'Tis enough that his misery needs the boon,
He begs thee to bestow.
Thou’rt richly paid, when his sunken eyes,
With grateful pleasure glow.

Spirits unseen are hovering near,
To bear report of good actions here ;
And the angel of charity waits above,
To write such deeds in her book of love :

Then something give to the child of want,
While his pangs you can relieve,
And your heart will feel, it is better far
To give than to receive.

Thank God, thou'rt not in the tangling net
Adversity loves to weave.

Spirits unseen are hovering near,
To bear report of good actions here ;
And the angel of charity waits above,
To record such deeds in the book of love.

I CANNOT FORGET THEE.

"The heart that loves,
Dwells in an Eden, hearing angel-lutes,
As Eve, in the FIRST GARDEN."

Oh, I ne'er can forget thee,—

The pulses that start,
So strangely and wild,
In the depths of my heart,
Where thy dear face is glassed,
In its life-lighted stream,
Declare that my love
Is no vanishing dream.

Oh, I ne'er can forget thee,

Though brilliantly shine
The glances of young eyes,
As beaming as thine.
Ah, forever the bright sun
From earth shall depart,
E'er thy image, thou loved one,
Shall fade from my heart.

When no more to the hour

The dial points true,—
When refuses the flower
The night-falling dew,—

When the eye dwells no more
On the rose in its bloom,—
Or the senses disdain
To inhale its perfume ;—

When the spirit of childhood
Forgetteth its mirth,—
Or the birds of the wildwood
To gladden the earth,—
When the stars fail to shine,
Or the seasons to roll,—
Shall the night of indifference
Darken my soul.

LOOK CHEERFUL.



The face that beaming smiles illumine,
Denotes a breast where roses bloom,
Of goodness, shedding sweet perfume,
Look cheerful.

Look cheerful when thou wouldst impart
A solace to the care-worn heart;
'Twill take from woe its keenest smart.
Look cheerful.

Kind smiles are lovely as the light
Of Luna's beams, when clear and bright
They shine in some calm Summer night.
Look cheerful.

Smiles have the potent power to fling
A radiance over life. And bring
A freshness like the breath of Spring.
Look cheerful.

Sweet smiles are welcome everywhere,
They come like angels soft and fair,
Beguiling thoughts of gloom and care.
Look cheerful.

Austerity deforms the face—
But cheerfulness imparts a grace,
That envious Time can ne'er erase.
Look cheerful.

THE KISS.

“Upon the perfumed pillow of her lips,
Love, smiling, sleeps.”

Now dearest, none are near us, let my arm
Thy pliant form encircle—thus. A charm—
A strange and quickened pulse runs through my heart,
At this sweet sense of nearness. Oh, thou art
My wildly worshipped idol! Thus, thy head
Incline upon my shoulder—so: and let me part
These glossy tresses from thy snowy brow:
Why! like some timid fawn thou tremblest now!
And from thy soft, warm cheek the rose has fled—
Dost thou not love me then? Oh yes! that sigh
Declareth more than words, love's deepest bliss:
We'll seal the sweet averment with a kiss—
And let those rich, red clinging lips of thine
Give sweetly back the answering thrill to mine.

THE FROST AND THE FLOWER.



'Twas an evening in Autumn! the Frost King did hie
To a bank near the rivulet's side;
Where, amid the bright flowers that greeted his eye,
The fairest he chose for his bride.
But the timid young thing, in its beauty and pride,
Seemed to shrink from the gaze of his eyes;
Then closely he clasped it---“Oh! *wilt* thou?” he sighed?
It *wilted*---and Death seized the prize.



A THOUGHT.



Man is like a flower,
That springeth at the dawn,—
Droopeth at the evening hour,—
Withers—and is gone.

But no longer like the flower,—
For its honeyed essence dies;
While the *soul*, in death's dark hour,
Mounteth to the skies!

THE LOVER'S DREAM.



By the vine tree's shade, one pleasant night,
Two lovers stood; while the liquid light
That Luna shed from her starry height,
Made the sweet scene more dear.

Anon their eyes did meet—anon,
In soft abashment her's would shun
His gaze. And thus, in fervent tone,
He then addressed her ear:

“I dreamed of thee last night; I dreamed that thou
Stood then beside me as thou standest now;
Sweetly my sense drank in thy voice's tone—
I clasp'd thy soft hand, thus, within mine own:
Then as I gazed within those lustrous eyes,
That shame the stars in brightness, did thy sighs
Reveal the struggling secret thou wouldst hide;
And then I drew thee to my heaving breast,
While all my soul my murmured words confess'd.
Oh, this was rapture! And the time did glide
Like the sweet cadence of a soothing song,
Or like a gurgling stream that flows along;
Then as my cheek to thine did warmly press—
Wilt thou, said I, be mine? And thou didst answer Yes!”

FRANCE—A SONNET.



"Vive la Republic!" Thus the shouts rang clear,
 In deafening peals upon the startled air;
 The breezes bear them to the monarch's ear;
 "Down with the throne!" Then fast increasing fear
 Spreads through his guilty heart—while loud and near
 The cry forewarns of danger! Chill despair
 Unnerves the sceptred hand, and from its grasp
 The sign of power falls. Nearer is heard
 "Down with the monarchy!" Then, seized with dread,
 He flings aside the crown that decked his head;
 And flies for safety. Yesterday his word,
 The trampled hearts of millions might have stirred;
 To-day, O France! the indignant arm of right
 Hath crushed forevermore the tyrant's might!



CHILDREN WITH FLOWERS.



I saw, before my door, a little band
 Of joyous children pass—each tiny hand
 A bunch of sweetest flowers upheld to view,
 Embathed with glittering drops of morning dew:
 Each little sinless bosom seemed to swell
 Beneath the influence of their silent spell!
 I tho't how blest were earth, could flowers impart
Perrenial bloom and gladness to the heart!

THERE IS A GOD.

“The fool hath said in his heart, ‘There is no God.’”

No God! Vain mortal art thou blind?
Doth error's gloomy pall
Shut out the day-beams from thy mind,
And hold thy soul in thrall?

No God! Tear down the sombre veil
That hides Him from thy sight!
Let the bright beams of truth prevail,
And banish falsehood's night!

No God? Behold yon golden sun—
So glorious, and so grand!
Think'st thou his daily course could run,
Without some guiding hand?

No God? Then why the luscious fruit,
The rolling seasons bring?
What is it forms the living shoot—
Or starts the bubbling spring?

No God? The trees, the birds, the flowers,
The stars that gleam on high—
The sun, the stream, the falling showers,
Refute thy impious lie!

THE LITTLE NEGRO BOY.

A Highly Colored Picture.



The sky was blue, the waves were green,
When seated on some cotton bales,
With tearful eyes, was Dinah seen,
Watching a schooner's ragged sails,
And thus to heaven she prayed a prayer :

“Thou dat kin smash and kin distroy,
O, do take care wid careful care,
And watch my little nigger boy !

“When storms at night wid mighty might,
Shall make de white folks start wid dread,
Den do not let de lightnin light
On my dear darlin's woolsy head.
Nor do not let de sunshine shine,
Wid burnin beams dat will destroy,
In de big large eyes dat do adorn,
De beauty ob my nigger boy.

“And when my darlin's dreamin dreams,
Let not de sailors take delight,
While slumberin in de arms ob sleep,
To duck him in de waves at night :
And when he lands on foreign shore,
Let no black wench my hopes destroy :
But guard his feet-steps evermore,
And bring me back dat nigger boy !”

ALWAYS SOME FUN LEFT.



When thy soul is o'ercast
With dark shadows of care,
And hope at the last
Almost yields to despair,
Just hold on a while—do not sorrow and fret,
Consider—there's always a little fun yet!

Though the sun oft goes down
Amid tempest and rain,
The sweet flowers of morning
Will hail it again;
So, hold on awhile—do not sorrow and fret,
Consider—there's always a little fun yet!

BYE-PAST DAYS.



Whene'er my memory brings to view,
Through gathering shadows of the past,
Bright forms that erst in youth I knew,
Whose hearts were kind, whose lips were true,—
Strange clouds my brow o'ercast.

My heart thrills to the very core,
With deep emotions, sweet, though sad ;
And well loved names are murmured o'er,
Of friends my eyes shall greet no more,
That made my boyhood glad.

The fond companions of my play,
Who shared my youthful hopes and joys,
Long, long ago,—where now are they ?
My sad heart whispers—" Far away"—
" They've done with childhood's toys."

Where are the girls I loved to chase,
With shout and laugh, to win a kiss ?
Sweet was the prize, and short the race :
And soft the hands that slapped my face,
For "*doing so a-miss.*"

Gay times ! those loving hearts are now
 Launched out on life's broad billowy stream,
And Care, perhaps, on many a brow,
Is driving deep his furrowing plough,
 Where gladness used to beam.

Some roam abroad, in stranger lands,
 Some, in the quiet grave, lie low ;
The tyrant Time, with stealthy hands,
Has parted many tender bands,
 That bound me long ago.

CAUSE AND EFFECT :

OR, HOW THEY THREW THEMSELVES AWAY.

“Touch not—taste not.”

Two pair of eyes, by Fate's design,
Did meet with flashes tender—
One pair was of the masculine,
And one the female gender.
Enraptured, each in each would gleam—
Some potent spell commanding—
Both drinking from the heart-born stream
Of sweetest understanding.
I cannot say their owners tried
Each budding thought to smother,
Or if they felt a thrill of pride
In thinking of each other ;
But who had heard the struggling sigh,
And marked their glances stealing,
Were dull in wit could not descry
The unconscious soul's revealing.
The laws of temperance they did shame
By this wild contemplation,
Till helpless victims both became
To loves intoxication.
At last so closely drew the snare
Of passion's magic tether,
They formed the rash resolve to share
Love's nect'rous cup forever !

SING ME THAT SWEET SONG AGAIN.

"To leave an echo that might seem,
'The ærial music of a dream.'"

Oh, sing that little song again !

The song you sang when last we met ;
Some echoes of its pleasing strain

Are lingering in my spirit yet—
As when at night the moonlit lake

Is wakened from its passive sleeping,
And its waves in music break

Shoreward by the breezes sweeping—
So thy song a soft commotion

Wakes on memory's silent shore,
And recollection's spirit-ocean

Moves its sleeping tides once more.

Then sing that little song again,

I love to drink its cadence in,
Oh, there's a magic in its strain

Rich treasure from the past to win !
Dear faces rise before my view,

With bright eyes fondly on me beaming,

And scenes that in the past I knew,
When joyful thoughts were ever teeming.
What though fleeting be the vision,
Bliss on earth can ne'er remain ;
Yet grant once more the joy Elysian—
Sing me that sweet song again !



TO A SANCTIMONIOUS BIGOT.



Scorner of this beauteous earth,
Blind to all that's bright and fair ;—
Moaning at its harmless mirth,
And the joys thou wilt not share ;
Could you be to heaven lifted,
How you'd groan in deep despair,
When you found the bright-robed angels,
Could be happy, even there !

THE DECAY OF BEAUTY



She once was beautiful ! but now
Time's deep'ning marks deform her brow :
And roses that were blooming fair,
Upon her cheek no more are there.
Yes, she was beautiful ! her eye
Was like the clear and cloudless sky,—
And every look bespoke the mind
Her smooth and sunny brow enshrined.
Her form possessed that perfect grace
The sculptor feels a joy to trace
In spotless marble, cold and still,
With cautious hand and jealous skill :—
And oh, a voice more soft and clear
Ne'er blest the spell-bound listener's ear.
Oh she was beautiful ! but now
Upon the high and joy-lit brow,
Stern time has passed his furrowing share,
And left his hateful records there.
The roses of her cheeks are dead—
The lustre of her eye is fled ;—
And in her dark hair you may view
Some silver strangers peeping through ;—

Those guests unwelcome who presage
The nearness of approaching age.

Oh, is there aught to cheer the heart,
When beauty's fleeting charms depart—
Leaving the form of clay they deck,
A tarnished shrine—a crumb'ling wreck?
There is! it is that peace of mind
None but the good can ever find :—
That fadeless sunshine of the breast
Which soothes the world-worn soul to rest ;
This sheds for her its holiest rays.
Blessing her life's declining days,

A FANCY SKETCH.

“Artis est celare artem.”

Her brow is of the lily's hue,
Bedecked with jetty curls,
Her parted lips disclose to view
Two rows of shining pearls.

Her eyes like sister stars appear—
Twin sister stars of night ;
When beaming from their azure sphere,
So beautiful and bright.

Her lashes like the inky fringe
Upon the raven's plume ;
Her cheeks possess the mellow tinge
Of roses in their bloom.

The sun of joy for me would shine
Methinks without a cloud ;
If this sweet form were only mine,
With mortal life endowed.

“THERE ARE STORMS ON LIFE'S DARK OCEAN.”



The child 'neath rosy skies of morning,
Trims his vessel's tiny sail :
His joyous laugh, all peril scorning,
Mingles with the wooing gale.

He dreameth not of care nor sadness ;
The world to him is fair and bright—
High his bosom swells with gladness ;
Flowers of pleasure bless his sight.

Years have passed. And stern emotion
Sits upon that changing brow :
“There are storms on life's dark ocean,”
He must learn that lesson now.

Years have passed. That bark is driving
Bravely on its swift career ;
The youth to manhood grown, is striving
With new dangers ever near.

Firm his hand the helm is guiding ;
He is watchful. But his breast,
Once so trustful and confiding,
Now with care is deep opprest.

Years have passed. And stern emotion
Broods upon his world-worn brow ;
"There are storms on life's dark ocean,"
He hath learned that lesson now.

Years have passed. Behold that battered
Lonely vessel floating past ;
The sails are torn, the spars are shattered
By the lightning and the blast.

In the broken bark reposing,
Mark that old and feeble form ;
His busy scenes at last are closing,
Scenes of sunshine and of storm.

His eyes are raised in calm devotion—
Faith now smoothes his aged brow ;
"There are storms on life's dark ocean,"
Well he knows the lesson now.

SING FOR ME.



Sing for me!—strange clouds are brooding
Darkly o'er my soul to-night;
Sing!—and sombre thoughts intruding,
Shall thy music put to flight. .

Sing for me!—this dark commotion
Thy sweet voice shall lull to rest—
This tumult of the spirit-ocean,
Raging wildly in my breast.

Sing me, then, some song of gladness,
Some sweet, spirit-moving strain;
'Twill dissolve these clouds of sadness,
And restore my peace again.

THERE'S SOMETHING GOOD IN EVERY HEART.



Would'st win the crime-stained wanderer back,
From vice's dark and hideous track---
Let not a frown thy brow deform,
'Twill add but fierceness to the storm.
Deal kindly---in that bosom dark
Still lingers virtue's glimmering spark---
Plead with him---'tis the nobler part,---
There's something good in every heart!

Bring to his mind the early time,
E'er sin had stained his soul with crime ;
When fond affection bless'd his hours---
And strewed his joyous path with flowers ;
When sportive jest and harmless glee
Bespoke a spirit pure and free ;
Plead with him---'tis the nobler part---
There's something good in every heart!

There was a time that head did rest,
Close to a mother's yearning breast---
A time his ear the precepts caught,
A kind and virtuous father taught ;
It matters not what treacherous ray,
First lured his steps from virtue's way---
Enough to know thou yet may'st save
The soul from sin's engulfing wave.
Plead with him---'tis the nobler part---
There's something good in every heart!

GENTLE WORDS.



Scorn to speak the words of strife---

From evil good can seldom flow ;

But words of kindness sweeten life,

And change to friend the sternest foe.

Gentle words! how blest they are!

Like soft dews of Hermon, bringing

Freshness to the heart's parterre,

Where flowers of thought are ever springing,

Be it, then, our zeal to cherish

Kindly feelings ; and employ

Gentle words, that hate may perish---

Life possess a deeper joy!

ON THE DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN.



As two fair buds that gaily grew
At morning in the bright parterre,
Expanding 'neath the genial dew
That fell so lightly on them there—
But blighted ere the warming sun
Hath yet attained his noonday reign,
Destroying hopes that scarce begun
To spring ere yet to die again—
So came those little ones to cheer
Like angels the parental hearth,
Making the social scene more dear
By cheerful words and harmless mirth :
The spell is past—for they are gone
From earth and all its joys away—
But Faith declares, a brighter dawn
Now smiles npon an endless day !

WHEN THE NOISY DAY IS DONE.



When the noisy day is done,—
And the twilight shades appear,
And the stars come, one by one,
Glittering in their tranquil sphere ;
Fancy brings thee to my side,—
A bright and fair and gentle vision ;
And the moments swiftly glide,
Fraught with hopes and joys Elysian !
And I clasp thy yielding form ;—
In mine eyes thine own are shining ;
Our lips are pressed in kisses warm—
Close thine arms are 'round me twining,
And I hear thy trembling sigh,—
Like the zephyr soft and fleeting ;—
See thy blushes mounting high—
Feel thy heart to my heart beating.
Are these *prophetic* dreams—denoting
Sun-bright pleasures, yet to beam ?
Or like the transient bubbles, floating
O'er a summer stream ?

BE TRUE TO ME.



Be true to me !

Oh, do not let the blaze

Upon the altar of thy heart burn low ;
But nurse with fondest zeal its blessed rays,
That it may kindle to a brighter glow !

Be true to me !

Be true to me ;

Be as the STAR that burns

Calm and unchanging in the midnight air ;
When unto thee my wearied spirit turns
For sweet repose from all the storms of care.

Be true to me !

Be true to me ;

Not always may the bloom

Of hope and gladness on my cheek remain ;
And when dark thoughts shall shade my soul with gloom ;
Thy tender accents still shall soothe my pain,

Be true to me !

Be true to me ;

Or, like the hapless bark,

Without its compass, on some stormy sea—
No beacon-light to guide it through the dark—
If thou prove faithless, will existence be !

Be true to me !

QUESTIONS ON THE DEATH PENALTY.



How is it ? when you doom to death

Some victim for his crime—

Accounting him not fit to live,

You still allow him time

To make his peace with God, for what

Yourselves will not forgive ;

Presuming him when fit to die,

As not yet fit to live ?

Now, though he be not fit to live,

Is he prepared to die—

Sent, strangled from this world of woe,

Before his God on high ?

You send unto his darkened soul

Repentance and the priest,

And when reduced to penitence,

You hang him like a beast.

How can you know just how much time

Your victim should be given,

For such repentance as shall send

His spirit pure to heaven ?

Supporters of the bloody code,

I pause for a reply :

How is it, if unfit to live,

A man is fit to die ?

HAVE FAITH, AND PUSH FORWARD.



Have faith, and push onward! don't get in a fret;
No good ever followed from fidgetting yet;
Though thy footsteps to-day be by evils beset,
Yet never surrender to sorrow.

The sternest of ills have an end to their stay;
For like clouds, though they gather and darken to-day,
The sunshine of gladness will chase them away,
And brighten your pathway to-morrow.

On the chess-board of life, while we struggle and fight,
We're as oft on the black side as on the fair white;
Yet let us push forward with courage and might,
Confronting the ills that may gather.

To the fretful and timid, life's burden of care
Seems more than the shoulders of Atlas would dare;
But to those who its crosses enduringly bear,
'Tis as much like the weight of a feather.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.



What have I done, that you should ever
Haunt me so ?

I never said I loved you—never,
Scissors ! No !

In my mind, all day are roving
Thoughts of thee ;—
Like summer zephyrs, ever moving
Restlessly.

Indeed, I think it quite outrageous,—
Yes, I do ;—
That I must even in my slumbers,
Think of you.

Wherefore always doth thy image
Form a part
Of every scene of joy and beauty
In my heart ?

The sunbeam and the scented flower,—
The whispering wind,—
Bring thee every passing hour,
To my mind.

Like a fair and shadowy vision,
Oft you come ;—
And you are, my fond heart whispers,
“*Pumpkins some.*”

I pray you tell me why you ever
Plague me thus ;—
Kicking up within my bosom,
Such a fuss ?

And now, when I address a lady,
Not a doubt,
But that instead of *her* cognomen,
Yours pops out.

Time, they say, is quite a soother,—
That he flings
In his flight oblivious ether
From his wings,

But in this case I have found him
Useless quite ;
Instead of dimming, he increases
Memory's light.

I've praised your form, face, voice, and music,
And all that ;
And you can, for your songs melodious,
“Take my hat !”

Have I done aught to make you haunt me
Always so ?
For gracious sake, I wish you'd tell me :
Yes, or No !



A SKETCH OF IMAGINATION.



Upon the cushioned couch she lies,
 Wrapped in slumber's sweet repose : -
How softly o'er her shaded eyes
 The long, dark silken lashes close !
Partly hid in flowing hair,
 One arm 'neath her head is resting :
Angel-like she seemeth there,
 Blissful dreams her sleep investing—
Dreams of love ! Her white breast, swelling,
 Burns with passion's purest flame ;
And now her smile-wreathed lips are telling—
 Joyful heart !—the lov'd one's name !

AN ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.



A Happy New Year ! friends, the sun
Has ushered in another year ;
Oh ! let us thank the *Holy One*
For life and friends, and kindred dear ;
Let gratitude within the heart,
Like some out-gushing fountain flow ;—
And from the lips, thanksgiving start,
For God's rich blessings here below.

If lingering memories of the strife
Of bye-past scenes thy heart retain,
Dismiss them now ;—for surely life
Hath more of pleasure than of pain.
If man to man but true would be,
This world an EDEN yet might prove ;
Then wrong and vile deceit would flee,
And naught remain but truth and love.

Oh ! there are signs that tell
There's not a passing hour
But the world increaseth well
In knowledge, truth, and power ;—
That right shall conquer wrong ;—

And shed her streaming light
O'er all the groping forms that throng
Through Error's darksome night ;—
That Truth's bright banner yet shall wave
O'er Falsehood's ignominious grave.

Yes, gentle-folks, the day is here—
The day of pleasure, feast, and mirth :
It comes you know but "*once a year,*"
To bless our little earth ;
To fill with gladness loving hearts,
Around the social hearth.

Hurrah ! then, for the merriest day
Of all days in the year ;
When young eyes shed a brighter ray,
And friends seem yet more dear ;
Hurrah ! *there's always some fun left*
Life's weary path to cheer !

The past is nothing but the past,—
No more may we recall
The forms around whom Death hath cast
His cold and gloomy pall ;
Then let us guard our truant thoughts
From sorrow's cankering thrall.

Let joy like sun-rays sweetly smile
Unchecked upon the brow—
Why should the features be deformed
By Care's deep furrowing plough ?—

Why should the past our thoughts beguile ?

The present claims them now.

Oh, life, at the best

Is a hurrying tide—

And smiles are the roses

That bloom by its side ;

And Hope is the sunshine

That opens the flowers ;

And Care, the dark storm-cloud

That fearfully lowers.

Ah ! then, if existence

Is like the swift tide,

Let us bask in its sunshine

As onward we glide.

Hurrah ! for the season of feasting and mirth—

Praise to God for the joy that still blesses the earth !

Great country, this ! in every land

Our starry flag floats fair and free ;

Our merchants every clime command,

Our keels are ploughing every sea.

The Gospel finds its genial home

In this bright land of ours ;

Its influence, like the dews that come

To cheer the thirsting flowers.

Here valor's bravest warriors rise

To vindicate their nation's right ;

And here oppression's victim flies
From foreign tyrant's lordly might.

And here are open heart and hands
As God's bright sun e'er shone upon ;
Who send relief to starving lands,
While royalty looks coldly on.

Here Virtue, Talent, Genius, all
A sure protection with us find ;
We own no tyrants' jealous thrall
To fetter down the soaring mind.

The Press bestows its ceaseless care,
To teach the willing mind ;—
Its missives floating everywhere
As leaves upon the wind.

And where its printed pages fall—
In mansion, hut, or mart,—
They bring rich lessons unto all,
And gladden many a heart.

Once more, a Happy New Year ! may
Prosperity's bright star illumine
Your path of life, where e'er you stray,
And flowers of hope forever bloom.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

“ And oh ! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth ! ”

Oh, love one another ! for surely this life
Hath sorrows enough without hatred and strife ;
Sweet fragrance, like flowers, kind words ever bring,
And hallow the bosom's parterre where they spring.

Why not love one another ? 'tis better by far
To live 'neath the banner of peace than of war !
From thy heart brush the clouds of contention away,
And within its dark chambers let peace shed her ray !

And as lovely and calm as a poet's bright dream,
Thy passage of life shall become in her beam ;
Kind words are like seed by the husbandman cast—
That spring up and return a rich harvest at last.

Only love one another ! who knows but what then
We may make this wild world a bright Eden again ?
We have only to try it—how much of its sin
Springs from hatred and envy ! then let us begin
To uproot from our hearts friendship's deadliest foe,
That still chokes the sweet flowers of love as they grow.
Let us love one another ! Life's noble estate
Should ne'er be profaned by contention and hate.

KISSING.

"Give me a kiss, O Miss, a kiss!
Give me a kiss, O Miss!
Give me a kiss! a kiss, O Miss!
Give me, O Miss, a kiss!"

"And let its thrill be mutual."

Some kiss but when it is their duty,
Some will kiss to gain them booty,
Some to win a trifling trinket---
Though "for fun" they'd have you think it,
Some kiss from careless inclination,
Some from love's sweet captivation,
Some wait until they are besought to,
Some only when they think they ought to,
But *my* resistless impulse to it,
Is based on '*cause it's nice to do it!*'

SONNET---TO THE MOON.

“When Phœbe doth behold
Her silv’ry visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.”

Hail gentle Moon! Bright empress of the night!
Sweet Moon, I love thee! Not the earnest heart
That throbs with joy in some appointed place,
When the expected loved one cheers the sight,
May feel a deeper thrill of rapture start
Than I, sweet Moon, to greet thy pleasant face.
I know that thou wilt ever constant be,
Though loves of earth the chill of coldness feel---
Still changing with the breath of circumstance,
And all the various influences that steal
The bloom and freshness of affection’s glance;
Yet thou can’st never be estranged from me.
Oh, holier lessons hast thou taught my heart,
Than this world’s shallow creeds can e’er impart.

EVENING—A SONNET.

“Then came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.”

How passing sweet the quiet evening hour!—
When the fierce day-god sinks away from view,
And stars come peeping from their vault of blue :
How through the tranquil sense, with sacred power,
The solemn, soothing silence sweetly steals;
And crowding thoughts that vex'd the heart by day,
Unfold their viewless wings and soar away.
Oh, 'tis the season when the poet feels
His deepest inspiration! And the ray
Of high intelligence, with clearer gleam,
Illuminates his soul, whose glorious stream
Of deathless beauty sparkles 'neath the beam.
Oh, yes, thrice blessed is the evening time,
Whose holy influence fills the soul with impulses
• sublime!

VIRTUE'S EVERGREEN.



The liliated brow, the rosy cheek,
Where beaming smiles of beauty play,
Are transient things :—they but beguile,
As April's bland and fickle smile ;—
They charm us with their light awhile,
Then fade at last away :

Then fade at last away ! The form
So beautiful in youth's gay prime,
Must shrivel up—the hair turn gray—
The eye abate its lustrous ray—
The smooth and pearly teeth decay—
Beneath the touch of Time.

Beneath the touch of Time ! .. A prize
There is he cannot touch, I ween :
It bloometh always fair and bright,
Through Spring's warm day or Winter's night,
A plant his hand can never blight—
'Tis Virtue's Evergreen !

ABSENT FRIENDS.



Oh, absent friends ! Our hearts retain,
With changeless love, your memories dear ;
We long to clasp your hands again,
Your tones of music yearn to hear.
The vacant pew—the silent home—
The walk at eve, when stars were burning,
Where so oft we loved to roam—
Seem to mourn your far sojourning.
Now, if joy would cheer the breast,
Longing thoughts are still intruding ;
And, in haunts your presence blest,
Seem your silent spirits brooding.
Time rolls on ! Your glad returning
For the past shall make amends ;
For love's undying light is burning
Bright, to welcome absent friends !

TO A CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



Suppress the wayward impulse of thy heart,
Nor play the captious critic's thankless part—
For mists of selfish pride and envy blind
Thy better judgment, and obscure thy mind ;
The meed of praise that's to the author due,
Can ne'er be turned aside, dear sir, by you ;
'Tis vain to waste your shafts in fruitless aim—
They come not *near* the target of *his* fame !

THE APPOINTMENT.



Say, shall we meet at evening, love,
When the silvery moon rides high,—
And the bright-edged clouds are floating
Through the blue and starry sky?

Oh! there's magic in the stillness, love,
Of the soft and solemn night:—
Yet, a deeper spell in thy voice doth dwell,
And thy dark eyes glancing bright.

And we'll choose amid those sparkling worlds
'Neath yon cerulean dome,—
Of all so fair, the loveliest there,
To be our future home.

A home where all is peace and love,
Nor care may come, nor pain;
Where angels wake their golden harps,
In one undying strain.

Then, let us meet at evening, love,
When the silvery moon rides high,—
And bright-edged clouds are floating
Through the blue and starry sky.

HOPE ON.



Hope on! how oft the fairest night,
 Precedes the fairest day!
Oh guard thy soul from sorrow's blight—
Clouds may obscure the day god's light,
Yet shines it still as clear and bright,
 When they have passed away.

Hope on! though disappointment's wings
 Above thy path should soar;
Though slander drive her rank'ling stings,
Though malice all her venom brings—
Though festering darts detraction flings—
 Still must the storm pass o'er.

If slave to poverty thou art,
 Bear bravely with thy lot:
Though keen her galling chains may smart,
Strive still to rend their links apart;
Hope on! for the desponding heart,
 God surely loveth not.

Hope on! Hope on! though drear and dark,
 Thy future may appear;

The sailor, in his storm-toss'd bark,
Still guides the helm, and hopes to mark,
Amid the gloom some beacon spark,
His dangerous way to cheer.

Though wealth take wings, or friends forsake,
Be not by grief oppress :—
Stern Winter binds with ice the lake—
But genial Spring its bands shall break ;
Hope on ! a firmer purpose take,
And leave to God the rest.

TO JULIA.



'Tis sweet to feel the fanning gale
Of Spring upon the cheek,
As, dancing from the flowery vale
It comes, o'er hill and scented dale,
Of rosy health to speak.

Yet sweeter, from thy parted lips
An incense breathes for me,
Than flowers, where the wild bee sips—
Or humming-bird so restless dips
His tiny bill in glee.

I love to hear the silvery notes
Of redbreast in the grove,
When morn has broken night's dark chain,
And nature wakes refresh'd again
To bid us live and love.

Yet still—a dearer charm than these
Can to my sense impart—
Lives in the music of thy voice,
Bidding my throbbing breast rejoice---
Thou lov'd one of my heart!

THE NEW YEAR.



A happy New-Year! Oh what thoughts
Those simple words excite;
Of childhood's time, when friends were true,
And pleasure's links were bright.

And bye-gone scenes again we view,
In memory's purest light;
Like the soft rays of twinkling stars,
Seen through a clouded night.

When we could hail the stranger year
With loud and joyous voice;
And every hour had some sweet charm,
To bid the heart rejoice.

Oh! how the impatient spirit longed
To cast by childhood's toys—
To brave alone life's tempting path,
And revel 'midst its joys.

And have those early dreams proved true?
Does Hope's unfading tree,
Yield now the fruit that blossom'd bright
In years of revelry?

Can we review the flowery paths,
Where once we loved to stray,
And think not of some gentle one,
Forever passed away ?

Hath love retained each brilliant hue
Through sunshine and through shade ?
Has it not faded, e'en as breath
Upon the polished blade ?

Have we not learned how earthly hopes
May perish in their bloom ?
And but beguile us with their hues,
As flowers upon a tomb ?

Have we not seized Joy's glittering cup,
With eagerness to sip ?
Has Disappointment's envious hand
Not dashed it from the lip ?

What though these bitter memories
Cause tear and sigh to start ?
Still do they yield a holy balm
Unto the chastened heart.

A useful lesson may be learned,
From each dark scene we've trod ;—
They whisper of our helplessness—
They bring us nearer God ?

TO MARY.



My muse, I wish thine aid again,
Oh let me call thee not in vain,
I really need ye!

I long once more thy smiles to woo—
Bid thy dear sisters then adieu,
And hither speed ye!

Now, she whose charms I would indite,
Is lovely as the star of night—
A spotless gem;
If ever form that claimed its birth
Above, came down to dwell on earth,
She's one of them!

The day-god, as he sinks to rest,
Hath not more calmness than her breast;
Where not a cloud
E'er hovers round to dim the stream
Of life that seems a music-dream,
No gloom shall shroud.

This is a prolix style to write
A character; perhaps it might
Save much tautology,

To adopt a scientific way,—
More brief than similes portray :—
And that's phrenology.

I'll now commence with Hope, and say,
This organ forms 'gainst care's dark sway
A shining targe ;
And Veneration joined with this,
Gives sweet belief in future bliss,—
She has them large.

Numbers, I think, the various grades
Of character, in all its shades,
Will best express ;
Well, Caution, 5—five plus, perhaps,
Would Fowler mark it on his maps ;
'Tis more or less.

Them Memory 6 ;—that casket where
Are treasured gems more rich and rare
Than mines contain :
Deprived of which, existence were
One dreary, wild, chaotic jar—
A stormy rain.

Secretiveness is small indeed,
A little more might Mary need—
It hath its use ;
Cunning, 'tis true, the heart distorts,
Yet too much candor often courts
The world's abuse.

Tune large—6 plus; how soft and clear
Her mellow tones salute the ear,

I can attest;

When joy departs, and mirth grows dull,
What harp hath power like her's to lull
The soul to rest.

Order quite large—there's none more neat—
'Tis 7, for it projects a feet;

Small Ideality—

Her visions come in simplest dress,
And high wrought fancies move her less
Than plain reality.

Combativeness is small—yet still
Enough she has for stedfast will,

But not to strive;

Too gentle, she, to seek a place
In competition's envious race—

I'll mark her 5.

Benevolence full. I've seen it start
The tear that told a kindly heart

Beat warm within;

With qualities like these combined,
How smooth life's path! how pure the mind!
How free from sin!

A SERENADE.



Come, love, to me, at the silent hour,
When the moon beams bright above,
And nought but the bat on the ruined tower,
Or katydid in her tiny bower,
May list to our words of love.

When twinkling stars in the blue expanse
Like some fairy watchfires glow ;
And shed a light as they leap and dance
As bright as the gleam of a warrior's lance
In the gurgling brook below.

On some mossy bank our seat shall be,
Where the tender cowslip grows ;
The owl will flee from the blighted tree,
When thy merry laugh, so wild and free,
Shall startle his repose.

On the balmy air thy lute shall swell
With its lingering tones of love
Whose fading echoes will seem to dwell
In the shadowy nook or flowery dell
Where fairy spirits rove.

Then come to me at the silent hour,
When the moon beams bright above,
And nought but the bat in the ruined tower,
Or katydid in her tiny bower,
May list to our words of love.

TO MARY.



Bright as the crimson blush of summer rose,
That smiles in beauty from its parent tree,
Wooing the passing zephyr as it goes
Laden with fragrance o'er the spicy lea,
Are the rich tints on Mary's cheeks that glow,
Expressing in their melting hues
The pure warm heart below.

Rich as the wild note that the red-breast flings
At early morn upon the perfumed breeze,
When every lingering echo sweetly rings
In blended cadence with the whispering trees,
Are Mary's flute-like tones, that seem to start
A thrill of rapture strange and wild
In every list'ner's heart.

Clear as the gem that gleams in regal crown,
Is the soft lustre of her love-lit eye ;
And like the snow-flake that comes flickering down
Undimmed and stainless, from its native sky,
Is the bright soul, in truth and beauty drest,
That claims its loveliest, blest abode,
In Mary's gentle breast.

I LOVE THE STILL EVENING.



I love the still evening!

It lulleth to rest,
The world-cares that wander
By day through the breast.
How gently it cometh,
With soft-fanning wings;
What joy to the toiled,
Its quietness brings.

I love the still evening!

It seems to impart
A deep sense of devotion
And peace to the heart;
And what lessons are taught us,
Of wisdom and love,
By the soft gleaming stars,
In their archway above.

I love the still evening!

'Tis then are upcast,
By sweet memory's wand,
Treasured scenes of the past.

Yes, in winter, or summer,
Whiche'er it may be,
The evening-time always
Is pleasant to me.

I love the still evening !
Our better thoughts stray,
In the noise, and the glare,
And excitement of day :
But the truant's returning,
How gladly we greet,
When the evening-time bringeth
Tranquility sweet.

I love the still evening !
'Tis then for awhile,
The vain heart may forget
Its deception and guile.
Yes, a deep inspiration
To evening is given,
To soften our nature—
To win us to heaven !

SWEET GIRL I THINK OF THEE.



When sinks the sun behind the hill,
And shadows creep from tower and tree,
And all is still save trickling rill,
Sweet girl I think of thee.

Or when in pleasure's halls I stray,
Whate'er I hear—whate'er I see,
Can lend no charms if thou'rt away,
Sweet girl I think of thee.

E'en though I gaze on other forms
As fair as thine—with hearts as free,
A brighter spell my bosom warms—
Sweet girl I think of thee.

What though upon my listening ear
Soft accents fall, or words of glee?
My heart is thine!—thou need'st not fear—
Sweet girl I think of thee.

For vainly may their glances dart—
What is their trembling palms to me?
Thy image only fills my heart—
Sweet girl I think of thee.

T I M E .



But a few brief days and another year
In eternity's gulf will fall ;
The heart must learn, though it thrill with fear,
As each deed in the past's dark wave shines clear,
That a change cometh over all.

Time mingleth white in the glossy hair,
And he saddens the laughing brow,
And the roses that bloomed so bright and fair
On beauty's cheeks, no more are there,—
They are pallid and sunken now.

Time ever with noiseless step steals on,
And he dealeth alike with all ;
He gives to the palace where beauty shone,
The creeping vine and the crumbling stone,
And to man the shroud and pall.

He causeth the mourner's bitterest tear ;
Robbeth earth of its truest bliss :
Full many a form to the heart most dear,
With sweet music-lips that we loved to hear,
Has he chilled with his icy kiss.

On the canvass we gaze with a pleasing thrill
Or the sculptured stone display ;
But the warm applause to the artist's skill,
He hears not now—and his hand is still,
And crumbling to decay.

The beggar in rags, and the jewelled brow,—
The wise—the rich—the great :
To the despot's sceptre must surely bow—
Must bear the marks of his furrowing plough,
Must meet the unchanging fate.

Yet lessons of wisdom we still may learn,
From the past and the grave's green sod
And though sorrow o'erfloweth the heart's cold urn,
All chastened and soothed the spirit will turn,
To duty—to faith—to God !

LINES TO MISS C. M. B.,
OF ROCHESTER.



Cousin ! a charm dwells in the word,
'Tis music to the ear ;
The magic tones of the summer bird,
Whose strains mid leafy boughs are heard,
Fall not more sweet and dear.

And yet we both are strangers coz,
We ne'er have even met ;
Our homes are cast far, far apart,
Thy absence ne'er could in my heart,
Awake one sad regret.

The blind may hear how bright the orb,
On which he ne'er can gaze ;
But cannot feel, in endless night,
What exstacy one moment's sight,
To view his golden rays !

They tell me of thy gentle heart,
So pure—so free from guile ;
What sunny gleams thy glances dart,
The joy thy presence can impart,—
The sweetness of thy smile.

And busy fancy oft displays
Thine image to my view ;
But still I hope to hear thy voice,
And in thy beaming smiles rejoice—
So dearest coz—adieu !

THE INVITATION.



Oh come, sweet maiden, forth with me,
The evening flower has blown ;
And calmly smiles the queen of night,
And the azure arch is rich with light
Of glistening stars, more pure and bright
Than gems on a monarch's throne.

Soft moonlight streams upon the plain,
The grain is waving free ;
The breeze a balmy fragrance brings,
Bright insects float on silken wings,
In secret nook the cricket sings,
Its little song of glee.

How sweetly fall at such an hour
The low-toned words of love ;
The eyes with deeper rapture meet,
And throbbing hearts more fondly beat,
And love's close kiss is still more sweet,
When stars are bright above.

Then come dear maiden forth with me,
The evening flower has blown ;
And calmly smiles the queen of night,
And the azure sky is rich with light
Of gleaming stars, more pure and bright
Than gems on a monarch's throne.

LINES TO ———.



Sweet girl, 'tis not because thine eyes, like diamonds,
sparkle bright,

Nor yet thy fair and faultless form, or footsteps free and
light ;

Nor silvery voice which sweetly falls, as music on mine
ear ;

It is not these, alone, that chain my thoughts when thou
art near.

A bright, bewitching smile is thine, which, like some
heavenly beam,

Hath power to dispel the gloom, that clouds life's fitful
dream ;

Yet radiant beauty's winning charms, all potent though
they be,

Could not, alone, have wrought the spell which binds my
heart to thee.

A spell whose influence is so sweet, it reigns within my
breast,

Imparting joys, all pure and soft as sunset in the west ;

And like that sun, when it hath sunk below the horizon's
bound,

Thy absence leaves a loveliness, and darkness gathers
round.

Love, oftentimes, doth heedless pass the treasures of the
mind,

To dwell where beauty charms alone; but thou hast
both combined;

It is thy modest mien, and guileless heart, sweet girl, I
prize

Far, far above thy voice, or form, or sunshine of thine eyes.

O, may the gloomy cares of life remain unknown to thee,
But in thy bosom ever dwell bright hopes and lightsome
glee;

And, like the evening star, which shines unchangeable
above,

Shed gladness round, and turn our hearts to happiness
and love.

A MAIDEN'S LOVE.



As the night's gentle queen, who sits calmly above,
With her bright-eyed attendants all glittering near;
And smiles on the earth from her region of love,
While her light o'er its bosom gleams brightly and clear :
Is that angel-like fair one, so trusting and fond,
Whose hearts deep-toned feelings in silence respond
To that heart in whose music her spirit finds rest,
While the torch of the boy-god burns pure in her breast.

And like the faint beams that illumine the sky,
When night's sable curtain rolls slowly away ;
And the tree-tops are crowned with a deep golden dye,
And dew-drops are glistening like gems on the spray ;
Are the blushes of love, when that fond maiden's eyes
Have betrayed the emotion her fear would disguise ;
And the soul-thrilling passion her lips dared not speak,
Is at last all revealed on her crimsoning cheek !

And like some sweet brook that hath burst o'er its bounds,
When the soft showers of summer have swollen its tides,
Till its bright waters rush in low murmuring sounds,
Enriching the vale through whose bosom it glides :
Is the full gush of feeling which pours from her heart,
When her high-heaving breast tells the thrill and the smart,
And burst from her lips sweet confessions of bliss,
To be sealed in deep rapture by love's glowing kiss !

I R E N E .



As dew to the meadow,
Or the flower to the bee,
Or the bird to the greenwood,
So thou art to me.

The meadow-grass fadeth
'Neath the day-god's bright reign ;
But the dew of the evening
Brings freshness again.

On rapid wing speedeth
The rambling bee,
To the nectar-fraught flower
That grows on the lea.

'Mid the gloom of the greenwood,
How sweet to the ear
The robin's soft melody,
Plaintive and clear.

As dew to the meadow,
Or the flower to the bee,
Or the bird to the greenwood,
Art thou, love, to me.

When thou art beside me
My heart groweth light ;
But, oh, in thy absence
Come shadows of night.

Ever bright is thine image,
In memory's ray ;
It blesseth my slumbers,
It haunts me by day.

Thy soft hand—in dreams—
Is oft clasped in mine own,
While my ear is entranced
With thy tremulous tone.

Sweet spirit of gladness,
May care never dart
One cankering arrow,
To rust in thy heart !

For thy thoughts are fresh flowers
Of goodness and love—
Ever shedding sweet fragrance
That mounteth above.

The whole world to thy vision
Is cheerful and bright ;
For thy breast has no sorrow,
Thy memory no blight.

May God in his wisdom
 All blessings bestow ;
 While his angels flit o'er thee,
 On pinions of snow.

Sweet spirit of gladness,
 May care never dart
 One cankering arrow,
 To rust in thy heart !



LINES TO ELIZABETH.



Oh ! may thy years roll gently on,
 As one long summer's day :
 While Faith's bright torch illumines thy breast,
 With clear and fadeless ray !

As fall the leaves of some sweet rose,
 Stirred by the evening's blast :
 May thy blest moments gently close,
 When life's fair scenes are past !

THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.



Who loves not to gaze on the beautiful flowers,
As they burst forth in every bright hue!
Whether sunbeams glance hot or the thunder cloud
lowers—

In the glen, in the field, or in sheltering bowers,
Still, still are they lovely and true!

Sweet emblems are they of our life's early years,
When the world seems a garden of truth:
And we think the warm showers some angel's bright
tears,

When each drop like a gem in the sunshine appears;
Oh! how blest are those dreams of our youth!

But storms have come since, and dark wintry hours—

And bright hopes have withered and fled;
We find that stern Time takes not only the flowers,
For we ask for the friends we so loved to call ours,
And are told that they sleep with the dead!

But summer still comes with its warm sunny smile,

To call up the bright flowers again:
And the balm-bearing breezes once more shall beguile
Our loitering footsteps, and song-birds the while
Will pour forth their welcoming strain.

And shall not the dark grave then be made to resign

Those forms 'twas a blessing to love ?

Oh, no! the cold body its walls must enshrine,

But the soul! the free soul! it can never confine ;

It shines with its Maker above !

Then while for the lost ones we shed the hot tear,

We must joy that their troubles are o'er ;

Though they may not, like flowers, revisit us here,

We shall join them above in that happier sphere,

Where no sorrow can trouble us more !

LOVE.



Love! what is Love? in what doth it consist,
Its attributes how strange—how undefined;
Like sunbeams streaming through the morning mist,
It bursts upon the enraptured sense
And wakes the slumbering mind.

It hath a charm which sweetly lulls to rest
The fitful storms of life's tempestuous sea;
'Tis strongest felt in youth's confiding breast,
When heart hath happily met with heart
As warm—as pure—as free.

Love, when returned, doth own a magic power,
We bless the thralldom, while we feel the smart:—
But sharper pangs come not in death's dark hour,
Than those which unrequited love
Strike through the withering heart.

COME TO THE JOYOUS HALL.

Air--Hewett's Quick Step.



Come, come, to the joyous hall,
List to the strains of music fall,
Speed, speed, 'tis Pleasure's call ;

Come to the joyous hall !

Oh, come ! where all is bright and gay,
Chase, chase, all thoughts of care away,—
'Tis Pleasure's call, we must obey,

Come to the joyous hall !

When the day gives place to the silent night,
And the sky with stars is gleaming bright,
To the gorgeous scene we greet you with a smile,
And pleasure shall the passing hours beguile ;
Bright chandeliers are shedding lustre round,
Light hearts are beating to the music's sound,
Upon the walls the painter's magic art appears,
To please the eye, while music charms the ears,

Come, come, to the joyous hall !

List to the strains of music fall,
Speed, speed, 'tis Pleasure's call,

Come to the joyous hall !

THE GIPSEY LASS.



Oh, I am a gipsey lass !
And happier none can be ;
As gaily I trip o'er the grass,
My heart bounding lightly and free ;
I care not for power nor wealth,
Nor the scorn of the proud do I fear,
But blest with contentment and health,
I laugh when the heartless jeer.
For I am a gipsey lass, ha ! ha !
I am a gipsey lass !

A child of the forest am I,
And wander wherever I please ;
The roof of our home is the sky,
And its walls are the rustling trees ;
We've a carpet that never wears out,
'Tis a bright and a beautiful green,
With wild flowers peeping about,—
Oh, a prettier never was seen.
Yes, I am a gipsey lass, ha ! ha !
I am a gipsey lass !

'Tis true, I am careless and wild,—
But still I would have you to know,
That the heart of the gipsey child
Can melt at the story of wo :
The traveller sues not in vain,
But freely our viands may share,
While I sing some wild gipsey strain,
To lull the dark moments of care.
For I am a gipsey lass, ha ! ha !
I am a gipsey lass !

When heaven's bright lantern is lit,—
Reflecting its rays on the hill,
Sweet thoughts o'er my fancy will flit—
Sweet thoughts that can never be still ;
Of the youth that my bosom holds dear,—
The pride of our gipsey band !—
Whose heart is a stranger to fear,
And to whom I have given my hand.
For I am a gipsey lass, ha ! ha !
I am a gipsey lass !

ANOTHER YEAR HAS PASSED AWAY.

"I saw the leaves gliding down a brook,
Swift the brook ran, and bright the sun burned ;
The sere and the verdant, the same course they took,
And sped gaily and fast but they never returned ;
And I thought how the years of a man pass away,—
Three score and ten—and then where are they ?"

Another year has passed away !—
How solemn is the thought,
That earthly knowledge still must be
By stern experience taught ;—
And life at best a devious path,
With lurking evils fraught.—
Strange that the heart can e'er be gay !—
Another year has rolled away.

The joy-lit eye is sadder grown ;
And deep'ning lines declare,
Upon the fading cheek, that Time
Has not been idle there ;
And e'en the iris hues of Hope,
A paler lustre wear—
Hark—the shrill winds ! they seem to say
" Another year has passed away !"

Another year has passed away—
How many a gladsome brow,
That smiling hailed its first-born day,
Is cold and pulseless now :—

And Care in many a face hath graved,
The furrows of his plough.—
Hark! the shrill winds! they seem to say
“Another year has passed away!”

How many a changeful scene hath been,
Of mingled joy and wo;
Alternate sunshine, cloud, and storm,
Life's tarnished pages show;
The heart grows sad when thoughts like these,
Dark shadows o'er it throw,—
Hark! 'tis the blast! it seems to say
“Another year has passed away!”

A year hath fled! Oh let us not
Suppress the rising throe,
If memory shall the mis-spent past,
In startling colors show;—
But search the vain heart's depths, and seek
Its hidden springs to know:—
Shun Folly's path—seek Wisdom's ray!
“Another year hath passed away!”

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.



How piercing are the bosom's pangs, what rushing memories crowd,

When Death enwraps some well-loved form within its icy shroud!

Oh! 'tis a bitter thing to know our ear no more may greet

The fond familiar tones, that made life's music flow so sweet.

What words can tell the soul's deep sadness—

How drear and dark the world appears;

The sunny smiles that danced in gladness

Are drowned in Sorrow's burning tears.

Yet when a few brief years roll past, these dark afflictions seem,

But as the grief-fraught visions of a scarce remembered dream.

And we onward glide,

Down Pleasure's tide,

Plucking the flowers

Of Joy and Pride.

And, oh! when first an unkind word upon the startled ear

Comes, from the lips of those we hold of all the world most dear,

What agony—what heaving throes, throughout the bosom dart,

The world can yield no balsam then, to soothe the wounded heart!

But if Remorse, in anguish pleading,

Should woo us to forgive, in vain,

Then as we turn aside unheeding,

Scorn may snap Love's brittle chain.

Oh! then Hope's sweetest flowers must droop, that cheered us in their bloom,

And Pride will strew their blighted leaves upon Affection's tomb.

But if those tears

Plead not in vain,

Hope's drooping flowers

May smile again.

And what are all these cares at best but as the shades that show

More brightly still, the pleasing tints, that on life's canvass glow;

They come like dark and envious clouds that cross the moon's soft ray;

Dimming the light, that beams as bright when they have passed away!

THE PRETTY FLOWER GIRL.



'Tis I'm the little Flower Girl,
Sweet gentlefolks come buy, I pray,
Oh! could I boast of gem or pearl,
My heart like yours were gay.

I view the sun's declining rays,
With heavy heart and tearful eye,
As wandering through the city's maze
My pretty flowers I cry!

Before our lonely cottage gate,
With eager watch each fading day,
Does little brother fondly wait
My home returning way.

Though dark my lot and coarse my fare,
A stranger to the joys of wealth,
'Twere wrong to pine while I still share
The blooming prize of health.

How oft while on my weary round,
I hear the gay piano's sound,
While happy hearts so lightly bound,
Enraptured with the spell!

Still, their joys I'll envy not,
But strive to bear my humble lot,
My heart is in our simple cot,
Where sweeter pleasures dwell.
'Tis I'm the little flower girl,
Sweet gentle folks come buy, I pray,
Oh! could I boast of gem or pearl,
My heart like yours were gay.

THE SNUFF-COLORED DEVIL.



All gloomy damp was the dungeon hall,
Black cobwebs hung down like a funeral pall,
And forty-foots crawled on the slimy ground,
And ghosts and hobgoblins stood grinning around.
There were goblins jet black, and griffins pea green,—
While some were decked off in silvery sheen ;
But, oh ! 'twas a startling sight to behold
One snuff-colored demon, with talons of gold.

Oh ! the dark dungeon so drear,

Oh ! the snuff-colored devil so queer.

A strange object was there—held a fork oddly shaped,
Its jaws were extended, its claws newly scraped ;
One poor spring-halted croaker it marked for its prey,
Snatched it up in its talons, and vanished away.

There was one little devil—a favorite imp—
Its left leg was broken—it walked with a limp ;
Which the snuff-colored devil no sooner did spy—
Put its thumb to its nose, and kept squinting its eye,

Oh ! the dark dungeon so drear, &c.

Now, what do you guess little broken-leg done ?

Do you 'go for to think' that he took it for fun ?

No ! Devils, like men, no insult will brook :

It returned a most demon-like, combatting look.

Then the snuff-colored devil, with furious bound,
Vaulted high in the air—turned a somerset round—
On the favorite lit like the lightning's swift flash;—
Their eyes shoot red fire—their white grinders gnash.

Oh! the dark dungeon so drear, &c.

Then a dense cloud of smoke—a sulphurous smell—
A terrible struggle—a piercing yell—
The snuff-colored imp has lost both of his ears,
But its cries are now drowned by the demon's loud cheers.
At length they both ceased, their strength to regain;
Their groans long and loud, told of terrible pain.
The demons stood round, highly pleased with the fray;
Such fighting they'd not seen for many a day.

Oh! the dark dungeon so drear, &c.

Now, the strife is renewed, more fierce than before,
And life's dark red current made slippery the floor;
And the dungeon's dark caverns with yells did resound
Of the demons in glee who were standing around.
Then was heard a loud scream, and with agonized bound
The little one writhed on the slippery ground;—
A pitchfork was planted deep, deep in its eyes,
And the cavern rang loud with its piercing cries.

Oh! the dark dungeon so drear, &c.

All was still for a moment. when sudden did swell
On my ears a long, terrible, deafening yell:
'Twas the yell of the vanquished, as upwards he cast
On his victor one grim look of scorn—'twas his last;

That victor gazed on him, 'mid howling and moan,
Then snatching him, vanished to regions unknown.

Oh! the dark dungeon so drear,

Oh! the snuff-colored devil so queer.

From sleep started I, at the morning's bright beam,
Yet could scarcely believe that 'twas nought but a *dream*.

ABOUT SOMEBODY.



I know a bright and joyous girl,

Ah! yes, indeed!

With dentals of the purest pearl;

You'd best believe it!

A gentle, kind, and lovesome thing,

With breath as sweet as breezes bring,

From spicy islands in the spring;

You'd best believe it!

She moves as graceful as the fawn;

Ah! yes, indeed!

Her smile is like the rosy dawn;

You'd best believe it!

Such glances in her dark eyes dwell,

As e'en a stoic's breast might swell

With ardent throbs;—so deep their spell;

You'd best believe it!

Her lightest word with sense is fraught,

Ah! yes, indeed!

From wisdom's brain-lit altar caught;

You'd best believe it!

No speech than her's more sweet and bland:

And then the pressure of her hand,

The man were marble could withstand;

You'd best believe it!

Her name is ———, but I fear to tell,

Ah! yes, indeed!

For blabbing that I'd catch it well;

You'd best believe it!

Small feet are her's as e'er I knew,

Encased in such a dainty shoe!—

The Cinderella number two;

You'd best believe it!

Her hair is dark as midnight sea,

Ah! yes, indeed!

Her tones are full; her manners free;

You'd best believe it!

And though so sly her glances dart,

They ne'er were trained by subtle art;—

But speak the language of her heart;

You'd best believe it!

Her red lips are like roses fair,

Ah! yes, indeed!

Flinging their fragrance on the air

You'd best believe it!

And then the mutual thrill—the bliss

That lieth in their clinging kiss!

Earth hath no joy more sweet than this,

You'd best believe it!

THE SONGSTRESS.



Thy song throughout the festive hall,
Rang joyously and free ;
And many a heart was held in thrall,
As each soft cadence seemed to fall
In matchless melody.

Oh ! did those notes of joy find rest,
Sweet songstress, in thy panting breast ?
Or doth that spirit-stirring tone
Cheer every heart but thine alone ?

Thy song oft tells of lovely things,
Of lands all bright and fair,
Of sparkling streams, of bending trees,
Where through their boughs the playful breeze
Flings music on the air.

These song-fraught fancies, do they dart
In rays of gladness through thy heart ?
Or come they but as lights that gleam
At midnight in a fevered dream.

Thy thrilling notes at times gush forth,
Like waters murmuring low ;
Then eddying round they sweetly steal,
In quivering tones that ill conceal
Thy bosom's secret woe.

Ah ! hast thou learned how false the crowd,
Who fling the wreath 'mid plaudits loud ?
Oh ! heed them not !—seek virtue's gem !
It shines in truth's bright diadem.

Then, when these scenes have rolled away,
And life's sad dream is passed,
That priceless gem will cast a ray,
To light thee on thine upward way,
To blissful peace at last.

Oh ! then how clear thy tones will peal,
Around that throne where angels kneel ;
Thou'lt bless the path thy feet have trod—
The ray that drew thee to thy God.

ESTRANGEMENT.



Oh! I did not deem, that the sunny stream
Of Love could e'er have dried ;—
But fondly thought, when Fancy brought
Sweet music on its tide,
That Hope's young dreams, like heavenly beams,
Bright heralds were of bliss ;
Foretelling joy, without alloy,
In every burning kiss.

And Memory still, awakes a thrill
Though the eye withholds a tear ;
For the lonely heart can never part
With thoughts it once held dear ;
They come at times, in fitful chimes,
Those relics of the past,
With visions fair, enwrapt in air,
Too beautiful to last!

How oft at night, when the skies were bright,
And all was sweet repose,
And fairies strayed in moonlit glade,
And zephyrs kissed the rose,

We have sought afar, in the fairest star
'Mid all that gleamed on high,
Our blissful home, where ills ne'er come,
And love can never die !

And the merry glance of hope would dance
In thy soft beaming eyes,
As I pictured bright, in the silent night,
Our mansion in the skies !
When fondly there, 'mid scenes so fair,
We traced our future lot,
The world's dark snares and withering cares,
That hour, were all forgot !

And every sigh, far, far on high,
Seemed borne on Angel's wings ;
To mingle there, all pure and fair,
With bright and lovely things !
The dream is past, a cloud has cast
Its shadow on my brow,
The fount is dried of that rippling tide—
There is no music now.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY INMAN.

“True indeed it is,
That they whom death hath hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind’s regard, with them
The future cannot contradict the past.”

Great artist, is it thus ! hath death’s cold hand
Been rudely pressed upon thy noble brow !
We miss thy presence ’mid the gifted band,
And yearning genius mourns thy absence now.
Forever gone !

What though no more this earth thy step may know ?
Within our hearts thy memory still will dwell,
While many a pictured hall shall proudly show
Enduring tokens of thy mystic spell,
Forever bright !

By thee, no more the canvass wakes to life ;
The hand creative, cold and nerveless lies :—
Kind heaven hath called thee from this world of strife,
To rove in lovelier scenes beyond the skies ;
Forever blest !

ACROSTIC.



Joys pure as sinless angels know, sweet girl are surely
thine ;

U nited in thy gentle breast dwell Love and Truth divine :
Like the soft zephyr's balmy breath, is heard thy tremb-
ling sigh,—

I t seems to float from earth to find its angel home on
high,

A spirings nobler far than oft to earthly forms are given,
R eside blest inmates of thy heart, to lead thee on to
heaven.

I nstinctive modesty, and grace, thy slightest action shows ;
N o angry storms e'er cloud the calm thy peaceful bo-
som knows.

G old cannot buy life's truest joys, a conscience free
from sin ;

W ant, care and misery from the heart that treasure
cannot win.

O'er thy sweet face is cast a charm, a radiance soft and
mild,—

O rained by heaven that all might know
D evotion's loveliest child !

LOVE IN CONTRASTS.



My love for thee is not the flower
That flaunteth in some painted bower,
To yield when autumn tempests lower,
 Its short and feeble life.

But oh, 'tis like the enduring tree,
That waves its leafy boughs in glee,—
Or braves with dauntless heart and free,
 The tempest's raging strife.

My love is not the pool that lies
In sluggish mood 'neath murky skies,
Where no bright shapes of beauty rise
 To break its silent sleep.

But oh, 'tis like the ocean true,
That mirrors in its bosom blue,
The smiling cloud that bends to woo,
 With glances warm and deep.

My love for thee is not the gleam,
That danceth in some rippling stream,
To cheer awhile with fickle beam,
 Then fade at last away.

But oh, 'tis like the flames that rise,
From sacred altars to the skies
When priests make holy sacrifice,
 So fervent is its ray!

SONNET TO JULIE.



Thou art devotion's goddess, maiden dear ;
Thy accents wake the music-chords of love
Within the list'ner's breast ; bright forms above,
Look down in smiles and bless thee. Pure and clear
As some sweet rippling streamlet gliding by,
Thy peaceful hours pass on ; no darkling cloud
Of passion ever dims thy soul's clear sky—
Whose heavenly radiance sparkles in thine eye.
Thou seekest not among the flaunting crowd—
The world's vain devotees—for life's true joy ;—
But with religion's earnest faith endowed,
Thy hopes are placed above, where no alloy
Of hate, nor envy, sorrow, sin, nor care,
Nor pain, nor death, shall ever enter there !

CAROLINE.



There is something half of earth—
And something half divine,
That seems to dance
In the witching glance
Of bright-eyed Caroline.

What sunshine and what shade,
O'er her lovely features play;
First, frowns beguile—
Then comes a smile
To chase the frowns away.

A magic sweetness dwells
Upon her sun-lit face—
For gloom, nor care,
Ne'er trespassed there,
To mar its native grace.

There's mischief in the curls
That shade her blushing cheek—
And her lips so bright,
Your kiss invite,
As plain as LIPS can speak—
But heed them not—beware!
Her heart to ONE is true;

No other's kiss
May know the bliss,
 To sip their nectarous dew ;
And should you rashly dare,
 Their precincts to invade—
Your smarting cheek,
Would more than speak,
 The losing game you played.
So ! better be content,
 The precious fruit to view :
Than have the pains
Without the gains,
 And catch a whipping, too.
Sweet Carry ! may thy days,
 Like music glide along—
And no rude jar
Of discord mar
 The cadence of thy song.

LINES TO JULIA.



Oh ! could my heart its wish fulfil,

How bright thy days should be ;

As smoothly gliding as the bark

Upon a stormless sea.

No darkling clouds of passion, e'er

Should mar thy peaceful hours ;

Whilst in thy breast sweet thoughts should dwell,

As birds in eastern bowers.

Life lies before thee, gentle maid,

All lovely to thy view ;

And dazzling Pleasure culls for thee

Bright flowers of every hue :—

But oh ! with careless hand too oft

She plucks those treasures fair ;—

Nor views amid the leaves the Asp

Of Disappointment there.

Then learn, sweet maid, that pleasure's gifts

Though ne'er so bright their gleam,

Luring the heart with many a spell,

Are fleeting as a dream.

But see ! where Faith, the Angel, stands
In robes of spotless white ;—
With hand upraised, she pointeth far
To realms of fadeless light.

She bids thee place thy trust in Him
Who made air, earth and sea ;
And who alone from Error's snares,
Can guide thy spirit free.

To mortal minds it is not given
Their destiny to know,—
For could we but Fate's shadows view,
Life's joys would turn to woe.

But Hope ! sweet Hope, still lingers near,
To soothe the fainting heart,
She hath a word for every fear,
A balm for every smart.

Life is made up of Joy and Grief,
Earth seems not always bright,
And they are happiest who can view
God's purposes aright !

ALIENATED AFFECTION.



The stars are peering calmly down, the moon is beaming bright,

And hand in hand, two lovers stand, beneath her pensive light ;

And like some pure and sunny stream, time sweetly seems to glide,

Bearing along their heart-born song, upon its onward tide.

They gaze upon that gentle moon, with eyes that fondly gleam,

While every thought, with passion fraught, is chastened by her beam ;

Strong is the gushing tide of bliss that swells their bosoms high—

Joy lives in every burning kiss, Hope breathes in every sigh.

Surpassing fair the charms that shone upon the maiden's face,

And his the form a sculptor's hand might well be proud to trace :

The maiden's ear drank sweetly in the gentle words he spoke,

While fondly on his breast she hung like ivy round the oak.

Earth seemed to them a paradise, a land of fadeless bliss :

While Hope her net more closely wove in every thrilling kiss ;

Joy's golden cup is brimming o'er, the cares of life forgot,
And e'en the future shadows forth a bright and happy
lot.

No vows were made, no formal vows, so well the lovers
knew,

That words of faith were needless all, with hearts so
warm and true ;

The meeting lips, the close embrace, the long and deep
drawn sigh,

Gave to their souls a fonder pledge than words can e'er
imply.

A few short months have circled past—the stars still
gleam as true—

Again the floweret's leaves are bright with gems of spark-
ling dew ;

The faithful moon is casting o'er the earth her cheering
ray—

But oh ! those fond and trusting ones—the lovers, where
are they ?

Alas ! alas ! for earthly hopes, how transient are they all !
Upon their hearts estrangement cold hath cast a cheer-
less pall !

The buds of love and hope have died upon the withered
stem—

And though that moon still sweetly smiles, it smiles no
more for them.

THE MAIDEN'S REMORSE.

“Shall they, who cause so many bitter tears to flow, shed none themselves?”

I join with the gay and glittering throng,
In the merry dance and the cheerful song;
And a smile at times on my brow will play,
Lighting it up with a transient ray;
But joys which once my spirit bound,
Weave vainly now their spells around,
And though the smile may seem of gladness,
It but conceals my bosom's sadness!

Where is the hand whose touch could dart
A thrill of transport through my heart?
The voice, whose music's soothing swell
Upon mine ears so sweetly fell?
They are absent now! and a cloud of gloom
Steals o'er my soul, in the festive room:
That voice is stilled—the spell is broken,
By words my reckless lips have spoken!
Oh! could he read my soul's unrest—
Knew he the pangs that rend my breast—
Then, then, that heedless word and tone,
Which dimmed the star of love that shone
Around my path with its cheering light,
Shrouding it o'er with the gloom of night—
Were all forgot! and the star's bright ray
Once more might gleam on my clouded way.

THE UNSLEEPING EYE.



There is an eye that never sleeps!--
That o'er the world its vigil keeps,
From yonder arching sky :

Amid the blaze of noonday light,
Or in the darkling shades of night,
Still peers that sleepless eye !

Clear to its vision—oh ! how clear !
Those deeply hidden thoughts appear,
The features would deny ;

There's not an impulse e'er can start,
Of good or evil in the heart,
But meets that watchful eye.

The wretch, all trembling, seeks some spot,
To form, unseen, his guilty plot ;
No human footstep by ;

Yet though from mortal gaze concealed,
Each deed, each thought, lies all revealed
Beneath that haunting eye !

In lowly cot—or palace gay—
Or o'er the seas, far, far away
Its glance is ever nigh ;

Then, oh ! thou wretch ! with crime imbued,
Fly where thou wilt, thou'll ne'er elude,
That keen and searching eye !

THE FINE OLD MAIDEN LADY.



I'll sing you, folks, a little song, that cannot well be
beat,

Of a fine old maiden lady, who resided in our street ;
And she was a kind, good humored soul, as one could
wish to meet,

And dearly loved her dogs and cats, which played about
her feet,

For she was a fine old maiden lady, one of the present
time.

Her little room was hung around, with ribbons, caps,
and bows,

And little shelves of china ware, which met misfortune's
blows,

There in her old arm chair she'd sit, and fall into a doze,
While the teasing flies would buzz about her fine old
ruby nose,

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

One little yellow dog she loved, much more than all the
rest,

Which ate from off its mistress' plate whatever pleased
it best ;

And twice a day she used to wash her darling little pet,
And bought eye-water for its eyes, which were the black-
est jet;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

At last one day her pet was missed, she searched the
city through,

In all the daily papers, large rewards were offered too;
Described exactly how he looked, his color, and his eyes—
In grief she wandered round the house, with tears and
heavy sighs.

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

Three tedious days had slowly passed, no tidings met
her ear,

This fine old maid was failing fast, for nothing now
could cheer;

For she would neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor stay
awake,

Oh! she sobbed so for her little pet, you'd think her
heart would break,

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

But Time's kind hand will soon blot out the sharpest
pangs of grief,

Before a week had circled o'er she felt a great relief!

She walked once more before her door, her slumbers
were more sweet,

Her appetite again returned, oh, dear! how she could
eat;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

This maiden had two gossip friends with whom she loved
to chat,

They had just stopped in to talk of news, of this affair
and that;

Perhaps to tell of green ones caught in wedlock's gall-
ing net;

But this old maiden's absent thoughts were always on her
pet;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

The feast prepared, now down they sat, their tongues
ran fast and free,

Their left hands held a piece of pie, their right a cup of
tea,

The tea was strong and highly praised, the pie could not
be beat,

For she bought it of a baker man, "*what sold 'em*" in the
street;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

Then all at once these ladies thought it tasted kind of
queer,

Each one upon the other looked, and turned quite pale
in fear;

The fine old maiden lady screamed, and fainted on the
floor,

They raised her up to give her air, and opened wide the
door;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

'Twas plain to see her time was come, she grew so very weak,

Three times she pointed to the pie, and vainly tried to speak ;

She opened wide her jaws in death—oh ! what a sight was there !

They saw the blue silk ribbon that her puppy used to wear ;

For she was a fine old maiden lady, &c.

They laid her in the cold, cold ground, while tears bedimmed their eyes,

The coroner's verdict was, she died from eating puppy pies :

And now her ghost is often seen, slow stalking through the land ;

And a monstrous piece of mince-meat pie, clutched tightly in the hand,

Of this fine old maiden lady, all of the present time.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

1 Cor. xv. 49.—And as we have borne the image of the earthy,
so shall we also bear the image of the heavenly.

O'er the swift waters of Time's ceaseless tide,
By pleasure gladdened or by pain oppressed—
Alike in storm, or calm, we onward glide,
To find in Death's cold arms at last,
Our only earthly rest.

Dark and repulsive doth the grave appear ;
No blessed sun-ray cheers its lonely hall ;
The tones of loved ones fall not on the ear,—
Though many an anguished sob breaks forth,
And scalding tear-drops fall.

The sun, the birds, the flowers—all blessed things,
That gave delight in Nature's bounteous store,
Can ne'er unseal the eye, or start the springs
Of gladness in the pulseless heart
Whose fever-throbs are o'er.

Time pauseth not ! still flows his tide along ;—
Joy's sparkling beams his waters gaily light ;
Pleasure allures us with her siren song,
And we forget that Life's bright day
Must fade in clouded night.

Wealth's glittering baubles tempt our worldly gaze ;
Love, fame, ambition, weave their potent charms,
Gilding life's current with their transient rays—
But, oh ! they cannot stay its course ;
Or loose Death's stony arms.

In his dark dwelling gold availeth not :—
Love doth not enter there with fond caress ;
Fame, pride, ambition, all shall be forgot,
And worms will revel on the lips
Affection loved to press.

Oh ! hath the trembling soul no star to dart
A ray that will endure throughout the gloom ?
Yes ! 'tis *Religion* ! dark must be that heart
That sees no glimmering light beyond
The precincts of the tomb.

'Tis all we have to cheer our earthly way ;—
Soft breathes its music from those crystal lands,
Amid whose groves the spirit soon shall stray ;
And share the joys that never fade,
With bright-robed angel bands.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WM. F. GATES.

"All the world's a stage."

Thou hast played thy brief part in the drama of life ;
Through its many strange scenes thou hast fearlessly
trod,

And at last left its tumults, its cares, and its strife,
To dwell in the home of thy God !

Oh ! thine was the skill to soothe sorrow's deep pang,
Or dispel the dark clouds of the world-weary heart ;
How oft the loud plaudits of thousands have rang
'Neath the spell of thy soul-cheering art !

But Death, the stern prompter, hath called thee away,
From the false world's illusive and glittering toys ;
And now amid happier scenes thou shalt stray,
And share with bright angels their joys.

Yes ! the light hath departed that smiled on our way ;
Yet it soothes us to think, as we shed the warm tear,
Though our eyes may no more greet its welcoming ray,
It still beams in a lovelier sphere.

STANZAS.



Who lives through life's season,
And knoweth not love,
Hath refused the high mission
Sent down from above ;
His breast is a winter
Of desolate hours ;—
Where the spring-time ne'er comes
With its verdure and flowers.
Oh ! how wild is the transport—
How perfect the bliss !—
When lip presseth lip
In a love glowing kiss !
And the arms are encircled
Around the loved form ;
And the low-murmured words
Are impassioned and warm.
Love planteth the seeds
Of delight in the heart ;—
Whose quick-springing blossoms
Rich fragrance impart ;

Then give him kind welcome,
Ye bosoms of snow—
He will cheer your cold hearts
In his torch's warm glow.
The whole world will then wear
A new beauty and bloom;
And the flowers of life
Yield a sweeter perfume.
Oh! reject not the blessing
God's goodness hath given
To mortals as well
As to angels in heaven!

LOVE'S PHASES.



Love reigneth not in every breast alike—
It hath degrees—and taketh many shapes;
How lightly some put on the mystic chain—
As though it were, at best, a toy
Caprice may cast aside.

There is a love,
Comes of the flashing of a lustrous eye—
The hand's soft clasping—or an artful word—
When drop'd from cunning lips enwreathed in smiles;
But love like this is like the meteor's light,
And lures but to deceive.

There is a love,
Much like the bubble glist'ning in the brook;
Bright while the sun shines forth; but when a cloud
Conceals its golden beams, the gaudy thing
Grows lustreless and dim. It is the love
That springs from selfishness, and builds its trust
On fortune's smiles, much more than on the heart;—
A glittering delusion!

There's a love
Of still another kind—so fickle—false,
So transient in itself—so vain—so bold—
And so successful too—we scarce can find
Its apt similitude: 'Tis not unlike

The ever changing bee, that leaves the flower
He just hath won, and rifled of its sweets ;
And seeks again another blushing prize,
To be in turn deserted.

There's a love
Of far superior stamp ! a love whose flames
Burn in the temple of the generous heart
With hope inspiring rays ! a love that clings
Close to its idol with an earnest faith—
A deep and deathless fervor ! such the love
That brings upon the cheek a roseate blush
At utterance of a name. How thrills the heart
When thus affection's music-chords are touched—
With long and deep vibrations ; this is love,
Not of the heart alone, but of the mind,
And fortified by wisdom and by truth—
Inspiring lofty thoughts, and noble aims ;
Tinting the scenes of life with brighter hues ;
And shedding o'er the soul a rich perfume,
Sweet as the breath of roses. Love like this
Grows never dim ; but in the heart's recess
Its altar fires as brightly still will burn,
Should storms of dark adversity assail,
As in bright fortune's warm and prosperous gale !

THE OLD INKSTAND.



I love it!—I love it! let no rash hand
Convey from my desk that old inkstand!
I have treasured it upwards of *several* years—
I have spattered it over with inky tears—
And ne'er from its base has leaked out yet
A single drop of its shining jet.

You'd better believe it: a workman planned
And fashioned the form of that old inkstand!

I have dipped my pen in it millions of times
When inditing epistles or fashioning rhymes,
And I value it highly, you may depend—
For to me 'tis a trusty and liberal friend!
Though faces may wear for me now no more
The smiles of affection which once they wore,
I say, let them go, if it be their will,
For my inky friend is faithful still!

It never demanded a *quid pro quo*;
It never gets tired and wants to go;
And oft do I gaze, with a miser's pride,
On the fountain that yields me its sable tide.
You may smile at my love as a foolish dream,
While the scalding tears o'er my paper stream,
But I'll give him "jessie" whose daring hand
Abstracts from my desk that old inkstand!

HER HEART CANNOT FORGET.



Still in the maiden's fond and trustful breast,
The love-fire burns
For *him*—the absent one—the dearest—best—
And like the flower that to the day-god turns,
From east to west,
For him, for him, her ardent spirit yearns
With sweet emotions blest !
Ah, yes, through changeful hours, love's holy light
Is cherished yet !
Nor space, nor time, nor absence, shall not blight
The flowers of hope and trust, that bloom so bright,
With love-tears wet :
He fills her thoughts by day—her dreams by night ;
Her heart cannot forget !

COME, SING ME SOME BALLAD.



The sun has gone down
 'Neath the horizon's bound ;
And the shadows of evening
 Are closing around ;
But the cares of the day
 Linger still in my breast,
Depriving my spirit
 Of calmness and rest.

Come, sing me some ballad—
 Some song of thy choice ;
And blend the piano's
 Soft tone with thy voice :—
Not the grand compositions
 From masters of old—
They would fall on my senses
 Unmeaning and cold.

But sing me some simple
 And soul-soothing lay,
Gushing forth with the strain
 Of the music you play,—
Then! oh, then, the stern thoughts
 In my bosom that throng,
Shall be lulled into rest
 By the spell of thy song!

THE FANCY DRESS BALL.



Rich festive music fills the spacious hall,
And youthful hearts beat high in wild delight;
And eyes dance bright in joy's delicious thrall,
For care has fled, and in his stead
Gay fancy holds the night.

Mark you that dusky Indian's subtle tread,
How like some wily snake he glides along;
And now he grasps the hand of yon fair maid,
Who starts not at the red man's gaze,
Nor fears his glittering blade.

The eye were keen indeed that could detect
In that dark Indian---or who Indian seemed,
Aught that pertains to christian look or act;
The mind would turn on deeds of blood,
And peaceful cottage sacked.

Gayly the night rolls on---hold, no, I should say flies;
Sweet words and looks of rapture and delight,
Fast fall from beauty's lips and love-lit eyes---
Foreshadows of approaching bliss,
In Hymen's sacred ties.

There stands Iago—in that open smile
Lurks no deceit—'tis clear he hath forgot
The villain's specious look of hate and pride,
Enchanted by the magic glance
Of fair one by his side.

Now, ladies, mind you keep a watchful eye
On yonder stranger and his crouching friend ;
Guard well your jewels—'tis that wretch " Macaire "—
Ah! George! the thief his heart may lose,
I charge you to beware.

A form appears in glittering armor clad,
Whose burnished helm, and dancing raven plumes
Bring back to mind brave deeds of bye-gone days,
When gallant knight for lady fought,
To win her smile of praise.

Now to the dance the noble Pythias leads
His loved Calanthe—fairest of the fair ;
Well may his heart-pulse throb more quick and free
While listening to that voice, which speaks
Her soul's deep melody.

My simple pen hath not the power to trace
In words, what beauty and what joy were there ;
Nor can it e'er depict the enchanting grace
Of beaming faces, lit with love,
Death only may erase.

In the far future, whatsoe'er my lot,
Nought shall efface remembrance of that scene;
Visions of well-known forms will hover then,
And memory brood on early joys
Life ne'er may know again.

'Tis sweet to think that in this world of care,
Bright hours of joy and mirth we still may claim;
Then let the bigot frown—the wise will share,
Those harmless pleasures meant to bless,
Nor yield to dull despair!

THE BROOKLYN GIRLS.



Brooklyn is a glorious city :

Yes—it is !

Its girls are artless, fair and pretty ;

No joke about it !

I love to see their little feet

Propelling them along the street ;—

And meet their glances, sly and sweet ;

You'd better doubt it !

The Brooklyn girls are full of glee ;

Yes—they are !

Their manners gentle, kind, and free ;

No joke about it !

No cloud of gloom above them lowers :

But songs, and music, mirth, and flowers,

Make still more bright their sinless hours ;

You'd better doubt it !

The Brooklyn girls have cheeks like roses ;

Yes—they have !

Bright, pouting lips and classic noses ;

No joke about it !

Oh, many a form has met my view,
As fair, as graceful, and as true,
As e'en the Venus Titian drew ;

You'd better doubt it !

The Brooklyn girls are joyous creatures !

Yes—they are !

Fun sticks out on all their features :

No joke about it !

Let New York boast its ladies fair—

I'll take my solemn —— I declare

With the Brooklyn girls they can't compare !

You'd better doubt it !

THE SUMMER SHOWER.



The noonday sun, with angry frown,
Flings fierce his fiery vengeance down,
And each green thing grows sere and brown,
 Beneath his scorching eye.

The herds have left the burning glade,
And couched within the friendly shade
A giant oak's tall branches made,
 They all supinely lie.

No more beyond yon sloping hill,
Is heard the music of the rill
That served to turn the clacking mill ;
 Its pebbled bed is dry.
The birds all hide with drooping wings,
No voice is heard of living things,
Save when with startling clearness rings
 The cat-bird's peevish cry.

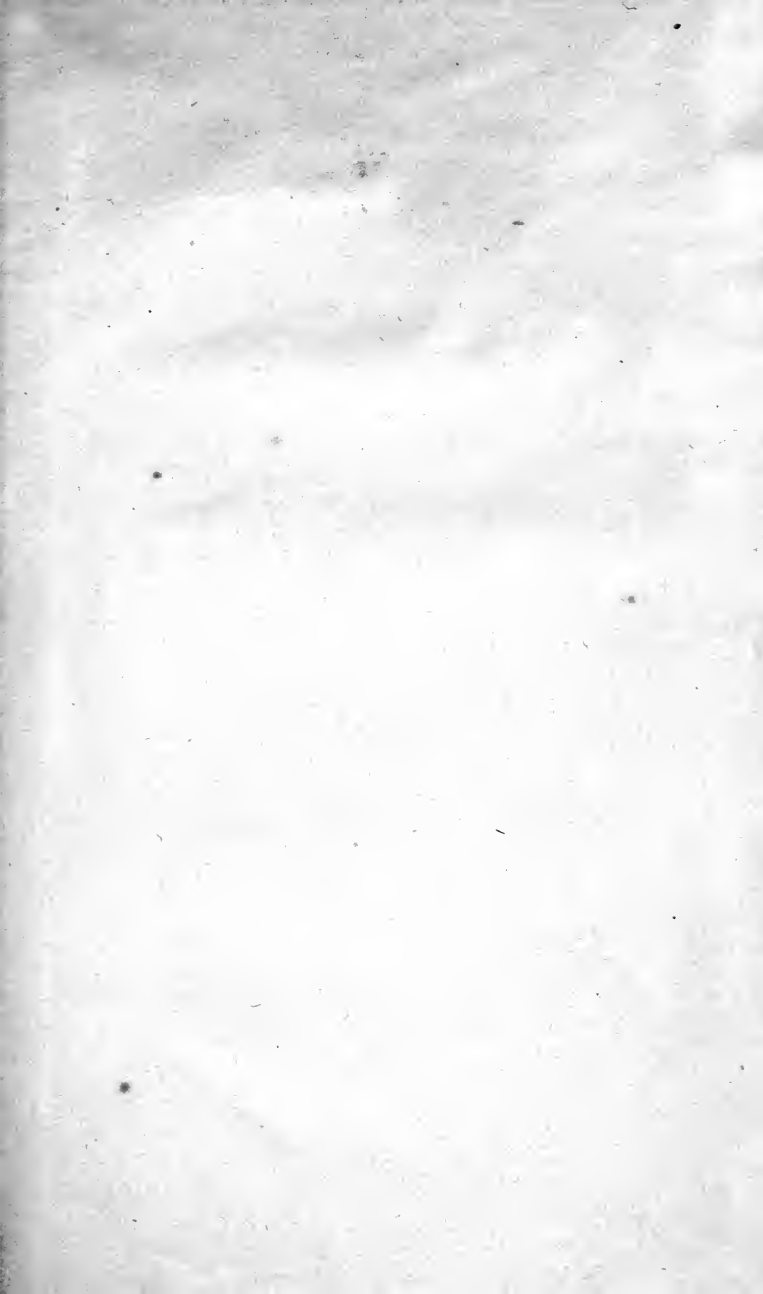
See ! 'neath yon boundless arch of blue,
What darkling clouds upspring to view,
And rush like phantom chargers through.
 Their trackless path on high !
And hark ! the thunder's rumbling car
Sounds through the wide expanse afar !
The proud earth trembles 'neath the jar :—
The storm-god rules the sky.

And now o'er fields of drooping grain,
In copious floods descends the rain—
Or pattering on the parched plain,
Revives the thirsting ground.

At last the shower has passed away,
Again bursts forth the god of day,
Tinting the clouds with heavenly ray,
That skirt the horizon's bound.

The flowers shine forth with fresher hue :
The joyous birds their songs renew ;
Its pebbled track the stream runs through—
Swift turns the mill-wheel round.

Now the retiring god of day
Flings o'er the scene his farewell ray ;
Now sinks to rest,---and evening gray,
And silence reigns profound.





YB 13761

~~YB 13760~~

M191944

953

G 6983

b

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

